

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Information Wanted.

On or about the 23d of May last, a box, not marked, was sent to the Brundell House, to be put in a wagon there, but by mistake, it was put in a wrong wagon. The box was in an upright rough case, of the Village School, an Upright, or a small window in the rear of the house was broken—a door pried open with much force—desk rifled of its contents, and his papers scattered through the house. No money being there found, another room was entered, in which Mr. Ewer and his wife were asleep, where a bureau or large chest of drawers was placed by the bed side—a large wicker carefully removed and placed beneath the bed—and the boxes with its contents, forced through several doors in such a manner as to leave its marks upon the easings, and then carried into the room, into the bureau, its contents, consisting of bed and table linen, were strewn about the field. Fortunately the robbers found none of those treasures for which they sought. In addition to the above, we are informed that attempts were made to fire the house, which proved ineffectual.

But the most singular part of the occurrence, and that which causes the most surprise is, that all this was transacted without any noise within the house. Nor did they awake till near eight o'clock in the morning, when, with some difficulty, they were aroused by neighbors, who had been drawn to the house by the strange discovery of the bureau and its contents in the field. Mrs. Ewer is said to be naturally very sensitive, and very easy to awake. Osterville, as might be expected, is in a state of much excitement. Such occurrences are rare in our country, and especially among the peaceful and upright citizens of the Cape. [Barstable Patriot.]

E. H. WARREN.
Framingham, Oct. 12, 1844.

Gentlemen

A BOUT to order their supply of Clothing for the season, are respectfully invited to call and examine our large and varied assortment of Fall and Winter Goods, endeavoring every variety of Bond-clubs, Bonnet Cloth, Dosskins, Cassimines, and Satinets; also, a large assortment of new and fashionable Vests.

N. B. Gentlemen's Clothing, of every style, made up in the best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction to the purchaser, or no sale.

E. H. WARREN.
Framingham, Oct. 12, 1844.

New Stock of Shoes.

THE subscriber is receiving direct from the manufacturers, a complete assortment of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Shoes of superior quality.

A prime lot of Men's and Boys' Winter Boots, all of which are offered at the lowest cash prices.

E. H. WARREN.
Framingham, Oct. 12, 1844.

Valuable Books for Farmers.

A SELECT MANUAL of Kitchen Gardening, and a culture of Fruits, containing familiar directions for the most approved practice of each department. Also, a PRACTICAL RECEIPT BOOK, for the manufacturer, Tradesman, Agriculturist and Housekeeper.

THES FARMERS' MANUAL, a practical treatise on the nature and value of Manures, with a brief account of the most recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry.

A NIMAL CHEMISTRY, or Organic Chemistry in its application to Physiology and Pathology, by Justus von Liebig, D. Sc., Professor of Chemistry.

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MAN

THE POETS CORNER.

SONG OF THE INDIAN GIRL.
They tell me the men with the white, pale face,
Belong to a poorer, nobler race;
But why, if they do, and it may be so,
Do their tongues cry 'yes,' and their actions 'no'?

They tell me that white is a heavenly hue,
And it may be so, but the sky is blue;
And the first of men, as our fathers say,
Had earth brown skin, and were made of clay.

But throughout my life I've heard it said,
There's nothing surpasses a tint of red;
Or the white man's cheeks look pale and sad,
Compared to my beautiful Indian lad!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

CLEMENT GRAINGER:

(OR PART II OF—)

THE SUBSTANCE AND THE SHADOW.

BY MRS. JAMES GRAY.

'How is Clement to-day, Esther?' I inquired of Mr. Fulwood, as he entered the small flowered room before Mrs. Grainger's door, and kindly shook hands with the young girl who came forth to meet him. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old, and had a frank, frank, and with a face, though not pretty, yet very pleasing. Her eyes, however, were soft and expressive, and the paleness of her cheek was rendered more visible by the contrast of her dark, braided hair. A slight blush mounted to her temples as she replied, 'I hope better—but much better. The cough is subsiding, and he has had fewer of those terrible flushings, which I think will be strong evidence of his recovery; but she looks rather wanly in his face.'

I think there is much in his own power, Esther,' was the reply. 'Clement is a fine creature, but no dreamy, too excitable, and I must also say, too obstinate. So naturally delicate as his constitution is, it is almost too much for him to pursue his studies so as to enable him to take orders at all, and yet he will persist in striving for attainments which require strength and nerve far beyond his powers. But I am sure he loves me; I see he was as well pleased with me the last time I spoke to him, and even his mother thought I was too severe.'

'Listen to me, Esther, whilst I tell you the truth. You know how Clement's father brought worldly wealth to himself and his family by his wild speculations, and I can tell you that, in another form, the spirit of the father lives in the son.'

'Surely, my dear sir, you cannot think for a moment that Clement is covetous, or that he is so overstraining mind and body in the hope of securing riches?' I asked.

'Indeed I do not. Nevertheless he is speculating, and I fear that he is risking his health, perhaps his life. Believe me, Esther, health is a talent as well as money, for which we must hereafter give an account. He is following after a shadowy fame, an unsubstantial triumph. I doubt much if he will ever realize it.' But by this time poor Esther's eyes were full of tears, and Mr. Fulwood, changing his tone, entered the house, saying, 'Come, we will have a quiet talk, and I am truly glad you can tell me his history.'

'Esther Corbett remained single for several years, but at length married a person who was fully worthy of her, and spent with him a long life chequered with some trials, but bringing forth a counterbalance of happiness.'

It has not been the wish of the writer of this tale to deprecate the value of useful exertion or honorable ambition. She has only desired to show the evils attendant with a wish to grasp all, even the world of wealth and intellect, to bear up against ill fortune. This chief distress was the infamy and brevity of his letters. 'I am well, but very busy,' was the substance of them all; and it would have added to Esther's grief, could she have known that her long affectionate letters were now merely glanced over, and then laid aside for the leisure hour which never came.'

The time of trial arrived at last. There were only three candidates for the vacant fellowship which appeared to have any chance of obtaining it, and of these Clement was one. He slept not on the previous night; and ere he left his chamber, he flung himself on his knees, and prayed, long and passionately, that the triumph might be his. Something fortified with the internal courage inspired by this act of devotion, he entered the examination hall.

It was over; and Mrs. Grainger returned to the altered scene of her former home. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honors, his mind more imaginative than deep or reflective; the drudgery he submitted to, in order to acquire the character of a first-rate scholar, told terribly on both his mind and body. He could not be satisfied with the knowledge he had, and a happy chance might seem to drag him through an examination. He dared not be questioned on any subject of which he was not thoroughly master in every part, for the very knowledge that failure was possible, might of itself have produced failure. He had no boldness, no dash in his manner of answering. He would have given the world for the careless confidence, and trust in good luck, with which he saw many boys, both in town and country, pass through their examinations. But with all this, he was not satisfied with ordinary success. He aimed at prizes and honors, and had already carried them off, on more occasions than one, from confessedly clever competitors. It was just after a hard struggle of this nature that he had returned home, and the tears of pride with which his mother hailed the news of his victory were chased away by less happy drops as she remarked his flushed cheeks and attenuated form. Dasa passed by, and thought of the poor boy, and again opened his eyes after hours of sleep in study, and long after the widow and her young inmate had retired to rest, his candle, secretly lighted was shedding its faint lustre on his high pale forehead, and the thin hand that turned page after page of the Greek or Latin book with which he was engaged. But soon an attack of feverish cold and inflammation came on with such violence, that Clement was obliged, though reluctantly, to surrender himself to the care of doctor and nurse, and under their judicious treatment was gradually restored to health.

When Mr. Fulwood, who could not but admit that he was greatly improved in appearance since he had last seen him. The young man's satisfaction at finding himself better, seemed, however, to dampen his ardor for the contest of time which his illness had engrossed. 'But I must make up for it now,' he said, more as if he were thinking aloud than addressing himself to any one. 'If it had not been for this, I should have been sure of honors; but now it will be a hard struggle. I must not fail—I could not bear to fail!' Although Mr. Fulwood had vowed on a former occasion to argue with Clement no more, he found it impossible to restrain his ardor for the contest of time which his illness had engrossed.

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